"The next instant a burly form appeared." p. 18.

OUR NEIGHBOUR, WIDOW YATES.

BY GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER III.

OUR FELLOW TOWNSMAN.

How it all happened no one knew at the time, and, indeed, with all the subsequent investigations, the clear, full truth of the why and wherefore of the Peterson railway accident never was properly attained to by the general public.*

Railway officials along the whole line had been overwrought, body and brain, during the two excursion days.

* The story of this accident is founded on incidents that occurred more than twenty years ago, when a similar strange, sad blunder was made.

But how such a predisposing cause of mistakes should be avoided for the future it was difficult to say, seeing that it would be utterly impossible for any railway company to maintain a constant staff of efficient men sufficient to meet the requirements, in reasonable fashion, of the vast increase of business at holiday times.

Meanwhile three poor fellows, fathers of families and the breadwinners for wives and little ones, lay dead, a young mother wept bitterly over the lifeless body of her first-born child, and Mary Yates went home alone to spend the night in silent tears and prayer amidst her children, whilst her husband lay in the hospital bed with a broken leg, and a face almost as white as those of his dead mates.

However, Sandy had one good thought at least to comfort him, for every one said that but for his presence of mind and prompt action, not only would four people have been killed, but the force of the collision would have been so terrible that death or maiming must have been the lot of nearly all the passengers in the crowded carriages of both the trains.

Mary, too, gained comfort from this declaration, which was poured ungrudgingly into her ears by sympathetic neighbours.

In the article upon the accident in the *Peterson Gazette*, also, warm commendation was bestowed upon the porter, Sandy Yates.

The face of thoughtful Freddy Yates, the eldest boy, glowed with filial pride as he darted home from school on Thursday afternoon with a copy of the paper in his hand.

"Look, mother, look!" he exclaimed, excitedly, as he sprang into the little kitchen where Mary Yates was preparing tea.

Mary did look, but seeing nothing but the newspaper in her young son's hand, her face betrayed rather more surprise and disappointment than delight.

"Well, my dear boy, that is not much to look at. 'Tisn't the first time I've seen a newspaper. I don't hold with too much reading of them myself. It muddles away a lot of time."

Freddy laughed joyously, as he replied in a significant tone—

"Ah, then, mother, I expect you will muddle away a lot of time over this one. Mr. Thomas, our master, gave it to me for you, and he said he shouldn't be surprised if you honoured it by making it into an heirloom, whatever that may be. Just listen to this."

A tinge of richer colour began to dye his mother's cheeks, and a brighter sparkle of light to shine in her eyes. She began at last to have some suspicion that the special newspaper her son had now brought home, might contain something of special personal interest for the ears of wife and children of a certain present inmate of the Peterson Hospital.

Hastily filling the teapot she said, "Wait a moment, dear, till I lift up baby and we take our places at the table, and then we can all listen comfortably."

If listening with streaming tears is listening "comfortably," Mary certainly did it to her heart's content.

Molly's tears rained down almost as freely as her mother's, and six-year-old Effie squeezed out a few drops, because her sense of dignity demanded that she should do as her elders did. But why any of them should cry over all those nice things that were written about father, puzzled her exceedingly.

"Our honest and esteemed fellow-townsman, the well-known and favourite porter at North Bridge Railway Station, familiar to us all by the name of Sandy Yates, has just added a noble record to his former good repute, and earned the deepest gratitude of the town of Peterson, which he has been the means of saving from a wholesale misery."

So the article in the Gazette began. And so, in rather fine, high-flown language it went on for another twenty lines or so. And the wife's very heart glowed at this open testimony to her beloved husband's worth. Mary grieved sorely enough over his broken leg, and pain and weakness, but it was not with that grief with a miserable, bitter sting in it that many a poor wife has to endure when a drunken husband crouches on the stone floor of a prison cell, or is raving in fierce delirium in the infirmary, earning a first instalment of those wages paid by Satan to his servants.

Sandy Yates was suffering much, in truth, as a consequence of his efforts in behalf of others, but, as the Gazette said, he had not won suffering to no purpose.

Many a one amongst his mates, and many a rough-looking fellow of the number of the factory hands, would find a minute to spare during visiting hours, to go round to the hospital and give a grateful grip to Sandy's weak fingers, in acknowledgment of the preservation of wife and little ones from a terrible death.

And as for that holiday week's number of the Gazette, Mary might have papered the four rooms of their cottage with the copies of it offered to her by the neighbours, had she been so minded. The schoolmaster's gift was certainly the first of the kind, but by no means the last.

Children and mother were still at the tea-table, and Freddy was yet engaged reading out the article upon the accident, for about the sixth time, although both he and Mrs. Yates and Molly already knew it almost by heart, when there came a thump upon the panel of the outer door.

"Who is there? Come in, please," called Mrs. Yates through the open kitchen window.

But instead of coming in, steps made by feet that were evidently as heavy and lumbering, as the hand that gave the thump on the door, came crushing down the tiny gravel path that bordered the flower-bed beneath the window. The next instant a burly form appeared, a somewhat uncouth looking picture filling in the flower-wreathed frame.

Mary Yates and Molly were more than half afraid of the apparition, for their visitor was none other than big Jim Stokes, the drinking navvy, the general Peterson enemy of peace and religion and orderliness.

A few weeks since he had openly avowed that he was nursing up a feeling of personal spite against "that tea-drinking, church-going, home-keeping fool, Sandy Yates."

It was quite within the bounds of possibility that he might have thought out some way to wreak his nourished ill-will upon Sandy's family while Sandy was helpless to do battle on their behalf.

This belief was so visible on the scared faces of Mary and her children, that the words the unexpected guest had been about to speak were checked for the minute, and he drew his brows together with a heavy scowl.

"Bah!" he ejaculated, with a sort of growl, "when I was a little 'un my mother used to tell of a giant who wor used to nab babbies, and swaller 'em. To see you one 'ud think you supposed he'd come alive agin outside this 'ere window."

But although the words were gruff and surly, with an expression of face to correspond, there was something of remonstrance and disappointment in the tone of the voice so unusual as from between Jim Stokes' lips, that Mary's apprehensive look gave way to one of surprise and apology.

Some dim memory came to her, besides, that amid the bewildering troubles of last Tuesday night she had heard of this man being the foremost to volunteer to go to her husband's help. Perhaps he had come now for some word of thanks, or, poor drunken fellow! to see if he could extract some more substantial form of gratitude from her, in the shape of pence to buy more drink.

An opportune hot cup of tea might still the craving, for that once at any rate, if only she could summon courage to offer it.

A moment's silent, fervent prayer, and then Mary rose, and going to the window with her baby in her arms, she said, pleasantly—

"I am not at all afraid that my babies will get swallowed, Mr. Stokes, whatever my face may have looked like just now, when I was startled at the window being suddenly blocked up by a present-day giant."

Jim's scowl gave way to a grim smile and chuckle. He did not object to the implied compliment to his size, and Mary's courage rose, and her visitor's astonishment also, as she more bravely added—

"But you look a bit tired, Mr. Stokes. Come in, won't you now, and rest a minute, and get a cup of tea?"

There was a moment's pause; then muttering beneath his breath—"Well, I am beat!" the navvy slowly turned his back upon his would-be hostess, and began slowly to move away. In an instant he turned again, thrust a newspaper inside the window, saying sharply—

"There's two bits to be read in there, in two different places."

And then, once more turning away, he went off with as much haste as if he dreaded some transformation of Mary Yates into the giant, and of himself into the baby for the giant's swallowing.

CHAPTER IV.

JIM GOES HOME FOR TEA.

"GLAD I never did get the fair chance to do her husband a bad turn," soliloquised Jim Stokes, as he walked rather hastily away from the Yates's cottage, regardless of the renewed invitation to enter and have some tea, which was cordially called after him.

It would have been as well, perhaps, for the navvy's own family, and for that of Sandy Yates, also, if his half-awakened conscience had not made him feel ashamed to accept the proffered hospitality.

Slouching along, buried in a new train of musings, it was more from force of habit than deliberate intention that Stokes turned into the public-house he was used to frequent, and set to work, as usual, to drink himself into a state of savage ill-temper. But still, his thoughts continued to flow in their unaccustomed track.

Fevered at last, instead of refreshed, by pint after pint of beer, a sudden craving seized him for the tea he had been offered an hour ago.

It was many a day since he had abjured "the washy stuff," but the pleasant aroma of it from Mary Yates's teapot, as it had floated out to him, mingling with the scent of the roses round the window, seemed to come back to his nostrils now, and pushing back a half-emptied pewter pot, with a drunken impatience that sent it over, he rose and staggered away to his own home.

Some hazy vision of his wife sitting, neat and fresh-looking, at the head of a cosy tea-table, with their boy Josh, rosy-faced with health and cleanliness, as he had seen young Freddy, seated with his mother at the sociable meal, peacefully enjoying the comforts of a peaceful home, was floating through Jim Stokes's muddled brain, as he left the public-house and stumbled along to the noisy street in which he and his family lodged at present.

Within a couple of yards or so of reaching his own door, he tumbled up against a small crowd of ragged, grimy boys who had been but now enjoying, with the keenest delight, the spectacle of two of their number tearing at each other with the mad fury of a couple of wild beasts.

One of the combatants, the most ragged and the grimiest of the whole gathering, had this moment had quite enough of the fight; and with the loss of most of his own marbles, as well as those he had tried to gain by cheating, he slunk off, and fled in at the same door for which Jim Stokes was making, and ran up the same stairs up which the navvy's heavy feet lumbered a minute later.

Alas, for a man, when he sets a low, grovelling standard of life before his wife and children, of his own deliberate will! A time comes to many such, as it came to Jim Stokes, when they grow conscious of a deep-seated, hungry craving for their homes to be the abodes of peace and wholesomeness, of temperance and honour, order and purity, as are the homes of those whose own lives uphold the noble banner of Excelsior.

CHAPTER V.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

Jim Stokes's unsteady hand fumbled at the door of the small upper-floor flat he rented, long enough to give useful warning of his approach, were there an attentive wife within, on the watch to have all things in comfortable readinesss for a husband's meal. But he got the handle turned at last, and then he stood stock still in the doorway, a curious expression of surprise and bewilderment, mingled with disgust, on his countenance.

The pleasant vision of a well-kept room, and a cheerful tea-table, with his wife for its presiding genius, had so taken possession of his tipsy brain that for the moment it seemed to be the reality, and the scene before his eyes the dream, in spite of its being one to which he had but had too much opportunity to get accustomed during most of the thirteen years of his married life.

A filthy and littered room, a deal table, brown with dust and stains, with a mug on it and a bottle and some odds and ends of bread and broken pie-crust; a woman in the most slovenly condition of dirty, slatternly undress; a boy scarcely more than half-clothed in dirty rags, and with a swollen lip, and a face besmeared with blood and dirt and tears. These were the principal items in the picture that Jim's eyes rested upon. His gaze wandered from one point to the other slowly, and, at last, concentrated itself upon his wife, with a lowering look of wrath that threatened ill for the peacefulness he had felt an unaccustomed desire to enjoy that evening.

Letting go the handle at length, he dashed the door to behind him, and lurched up to the table with an oath.

"Yer drunken wretch, you! Where's yer teapot," he growled passionately at his wife, thrusting one hand forward at the same time, and dashing from the table, on to the ground, mug and bottle, and everything else, with one sweep.

"Where's yer teapot, yer dirty, drinking baggage, you," he repeated, even yet with the new-born wish not quite wholly destroyed—the honest wish that he could be seated with

her, enjoying the wholesome beverage. "Where's yer tea-pot, I say?"

He had plenty of time thus to repeat his question, for its unexpected tenor startled his wife far more than his act of passion. Unhappily she had already had quite enough of the contents of the gin bottle, before it was broken, to give her an unwise boldness, and as Jim thumped the table by way of emphasis to his final "I say," she sprang to her feet with a taunting laugh—

"Ah, ha-ha! Dirty, drinking wretch yourself, I say. My teapot, indeed! Belike it's in the public, where you ha' been, yer lazy hound."

A blow, that marked her cheek for the rest of the day, and sent her half-stunned up against the wall, greeted this speech.

Afraid, for the minute, to venture a second tirade against the one so much stronger than herself, she turned furiously upon the one who was weaker.

"Hold yer row, will you," she exclaimed to Josh, who was still quietly whimpering over his losses and his wounds; "Ye'll grow up a beauty, ye will! A little cur, to see your own mother hit, and never put out a finger to hinder."

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Jim, with a great guffaw of laughter.

The notion of his eleven-year old boy being able to hinder any act his father chose to commit, so tickled the fancy of the huge navvy, that for the minute anger was partly lost in amusement. He dropped down into the chair from which he had driven his wife, and alternately laughed and ridiculed Josh, till he succeeded in arousing some spark of mother-love, or mother-pride, in Sarah Stokes's breast; and she gave rein to her tongue once more, in a torrent of virulent abuse of her husband.

The comparisons he had drawn evidently stung her most. The whole picture of Sandy Yates's home, of Sandy's wife and children, had somehow made such a vivid impression upon Jim, that as he jeered and sneered, and stormed at his own disreputable boy, at his own wretched home, and still more wretched, worthless wife, his stormy or contemptuous complaints were pointed with the vivid contrasts drawn between his own belongings and those of Sandy. And at last, as has been said, the woman could bear it no longer. She broke out again, fiercely.

"Han't you jawed enough yet?" she shouted, in a rage. "If that there sneaky young brat o' Yates's be such a bit o' A1 best butter I'd advise ye to 'dopt 'un, as ye've allus so much spare cash from the public-house! Suppose ye bring 'un here, to set an example, and help us to eat the mighty lot o' food you provide, and to wear them too many clothes you afford to your own neglected boy."

The poor woman's taunts were decidedly more just than those of her husband, on the present occasion, but they were wasted, for he paid them no heed whatever. Only the words, "bring 'un here," made much impression, and shaking his great shoulders with a shudder, half real, half assumed, he echoed them—

"Bring 'un here, indeed! Best say at once, bring a angel into this pig's hole of a place. Bah! D'ye think as one o' Mrs. Yates' children could live along o' such as you!"

The angry red in Sarah Stokes's cheeks deepened, as she retorted sharply—

"P'raps ye think yourself too good to live along o' me, and ye'd like a change all round, wife as well as children?"

A veritable gasping sigh escaped the rough navvy's lips. "Dont I wish it could be done," he ejaculated.

The fair picture of the simple, well-ordered, Christian cottage-home was very present to his mind that moment. His own might have been just such another, had he so willed it from the early days of his married life, but now—

Were those bare, filthy, dismal-looking rooms, reeking of gin, all that he, great, strong, capable man that he was—all that he had in the world to call home! Well might his rousing conscience, his waking intellect, feel a sudden hungry envy of his neighbour Yates's possessions.

However, for the future happiness of Yates's poor young children and wife, it would have been well if the new admiration and esteem they had aroused in such an unlikely breast had been less openly avowed. An ominous gleam shone in the eyes of Mrs. Stokes. Poor, miserable, idle, tipsy creature that she was, lost to most of the nobler sentiments of womanhood, she was yet capable of a keen jealousy, both on behalf of her child, and still more, on behalf of herself. In former days she had disliked the whole Yates family, in offhand fashion, because her former friends, Mary and her husband, had held themselves upright, while she herself had sunk very near the extreme verge of degradation. But now, Jim's words suddenly turned negative ill-will into positive hatred, and she there and then mentally registered a vow to do them an ill turn, whenever the occasion should serve.

The malicious vow then made was, unhappily, duly kept by her, although many an event happened in the lives of the two families, and several months passed away before the longed-for opportunity occurred. But Sarah Stokes's character was somewhat after the pattern of the character of those Yorkshire men of old, of whom it used to be said that if they had a grudge against any one they put a pebble in their pockets as a reminder. The grudge unsatisfied at the end of seven years, they would turn the pebble, and patiently look throughout another seven years for the desired means of gratifying their enmity.

How many kind and generous acts would be done if friendship were as constant always in its purpose, and untiring!

But we must leave moralising, and the Stokeses, too, and take another look in upon Mary Yates at her tea-table, with her children, and the two newspapers given by such different hands.

(To be continued.)

COMFORT.

One afternoon by study fire
I sat in weary mood,
When sudden, in the opened door
A childish figure stood.

And then a little wailing voice
Said, "Why don't mother come,
I want her so!" A burst of sobs—
The quivering lips were dumb.

"But won't I do, till mother comes?
Here, sit upon my knee."
Straight to my arms at once she sprang,
And nestled lovingly.

Till mother come! O Father, God,
Thy heart is great and kind,
But for these natures manifold
Is there no lack to find?

From out the storehouse of Thy Word
Is sent this answer true,
"As one by mother comforted,
So will I comfort you."

—*Christian at Work.*

GIRLS.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

II.—A Little Maid of Three.

Our baby-girl has reached the age of toddling from room to room, and out among the garden beds; nay, if she be far forward, of walking a little bit along a street or a road, led by a kindly, careful hand. Proudly she will play her part in the performance, and, according to her fearless or her timid temper, will desire to go alone, rejecting all aid, or else clutch a finger of her mother, or her nurse for the time being, to stay the small, tottering steps, and only feel confident and happy when so supported.

She will not merely say stray words, such as mam-ma or mam-my, pap-pa or dad-dy — names which, in either version, are the sweetest that can reach mortal ears—she will prattle away about all that interests her in a manner perfectly intelligible and very delightful to her intimate friends and admirers.

She has reached one of the most engaging stages in her life's journey, a stage when her intelligence has awakened sufficiently to make the baby-girl something quite different and far in advance of her infant self two years, or even one year before. But still the little body prevails, as it were, over the spirit, and claims the most, though it need not be the whole, of her friends' attention. The little maid of three, though she can prattle and walk after a fashion, is still almost as great a charge to her elders as she was when a baby. Indeed, many mothers will say that she is a far greater charge, for she is just old enough to get into mischief, and to decline on any consideration to remain still for more than a very few minutes at a time. The small limbs, if healthy, are not only active, they are exceedingly restless, and fond of trying what they can do; therefore, the little feet will patter here and there, and the tiny hands lay audacious fingers on all that comes within their reach, from morning to night. It is then that fire and water—prominent objects, with particular attractions for youthful minds—are most dangerous in nurseries and small house places. So fatal may be the result of a straying child's solitary contact with the water-butt, with even a tub full of water, with a boiling kettle, with the fire in the grate, or the flame of the gas jet or of the household lamp, that any precautions which may prevent terrible accidents can hardly be overdone. The great London hospitals can tell many sad tales from the neglect of simple precautions. Yet fire-guards are cheap; the gas, or the lamp, or the kettle may be kept out of a child's reach; and in ordinary cases there is no necessity for water-butts or water-tubs being so exposed as either to tempt or betray a victim.

In reference to accidents, a word may be said on the benefit of a few grains of knowledge, easily carried about, in addition to mother wit. The possession of such knowledge teaches persons what to do in trying circumstances, before it is possible to summon a doctor, or even to call in a neighbour.

For immersion in water, try the gentle expulsion of such water as has been swallowed, rubbing the body, lifting up and putting down the arms to aid the lungs in breathing, a few drops of spirits and water when the child can swallow, *and not till then*, placing the patient between warm blankets.

For putting out the flames in which a poor child may be caught, try wrapping it in a woollen cloth or blanket, or even rolling it on a woollen carpet, instead of flinging water over it, or letting it rush into a draught of air—often deadly mistakes. When the fire is extinguished, seek to exclude the air and allay the pain by sweet oil and cotton wool till a doctor can be fetched.

Children so young as three years of age are less likely than older boys and girls to incur wounds. But in the case of a severe cut, try again to exclude the air by immediately binding up the wound. Should the bleeding still continue, if the cut be in the arm or the leg, the compression of the place above the cut, by a tightly-twisted handkerchief, may close the blood-vessel, and stop the loss of blood without undesirable delay.

In order to prevent rickets and bandy legs in a child, a good deal depends on the care given to not overtaxing the young strength—above all, to not permitting a delicate child to walk too soon and too much, before it is able for the exercise. The extensive use of perambulators must have lessened the danger. With regard to these babies' carriages, however, there is a risk that the child removed from the warmth of living arms encircling it, and perhaps not in itself cosily clad and carefully wrapped up, may suffer more from cold than it would otherwise have done. This cold is apt to settle in the little hands and feet, which may be found on examination "like stones." A careful mother will ascertain that they have the proper degree of animal heat, and will not let her child remain out of doors for a whole morning or afternoon unattended to, in what may be a position of considerable risk, as well as positive suffering. She will not leave such a matter entirely to the forethought and consideration of some youthful, and very likely inefficient nurse. We have said already, that though the body with its claims still prevails over the mental part of the child, this is not so altogether. Not only is it possible to see something of the future temper and character of the woman glimmering into light in the little maid, it is perfectly possible so to treat her as to give her the first lessons in being good and happy. The small prayers and hymns which she lisps so sweetly may be said mechanically as yet; she may have little power of comprehending them, still, they need not be entirely without practical application.

We fear that not many will rival the remarkable performance of the mother of the Wesleys, who is said to have so trained her numerous children that they never cried after they were three months old; but at three years a little girl —or boy, either, for that matter—may be thoroughly convinced that no amount of screaming and kicking on the child's part will get for her what she ought not to have—whether the coveted good be forbidden sweets or a bit of fragile, valuable china. Why does a child ever gain her end by such means? Is it because her seniors cannot bear

to disappoint and vex the little one? Is it because it saves time and trouble, and the irksomeness to ears and nerves of having to contend with an angry child that will not be pacified except by the one thing the small being has set her heart upon? We leave the answer to the consciences of the persons appealed to. All we say is that such conduct is poor economy, either of suffering or of time and trouble. No pain from which the child is saved will atone to the girl and woman for the loss inflicted on her by a weak connivance in her baby ignorance and folly; and for any amount of time and trouble spared to grown-up people by letting their charge have her own way, simply because she has cried for it, a heavy penalty will be paid some day. The child is far quicker in learning some foolish lessons than her teachers are in imparting to her their superior wisdom.

Not even a very small child is too young to be taught what does not always occur naturally to the childish mind—fairness in the equal division of what she prizes in toys, etc., with some other child who may have the same right to the treasure; and generosity in taking what is her own and freely sharing it with others, whether children like herself, or her elders. No doubt a voluntary act of generous regard is doubly welcome, and the kind, liberal little hand which presses its riches—not very great, it may be—its miniature wooden cocks and hens, its rosy-cheeked apple, or couple of chocolate drops—on those to whom wooden cocks and hens, apples, and chocolate have alike lost their charm, is seized and kissed with a passion of tenderness which no donor of a dutifully doled-out, suitable gift can inspire. But the inculcated habit of sharing and giving may call forth latent qualities of justice and generosity which would otherwise have died a natural death. Better a painfully-acquired principle of honour and open-handedness than no perception of what is due to our neighbour.

Many useful and creditable habits may be begun and put in a fair way to be established at an early age. A child kept even tolerably and wholesomely clean, will learn almost instinctively the discomfort of dirt, and will institute small efforts to rid herself of it. If she has been accustomed to take her food properly, without spilling the milk and scattering the bread-crumbs, and dabbling with her fingers everywhere, she will soon show that she prefers the daintier method. When the whole of the operations of her life—rising, washing, dressing, saying her prayers, being fed, taken out, put to bed—are done regularly and methodically, as they ought to be done, so far as it is possible, she will expect the accustomed punctuality and order; will fret against any conspicuous breach of rules, and will prove by all the slender means at her command that she does not like confusion and disorder.

Mimicry is one of the main features in a child's play, which is one good reason why, from her earliest years, bad words and bad deeds should be kept far from her. For a child's play is earnest enough to her, and is part of her daily life. She will copy all the people around her as she sees them engaged in their daily duties. This instinct of copying may be turned to good account in preparing her for what lies before her. The little maid will never be so happy as when she is not only allowed to copy, but is let believe that she is helping mammy in her work. The blessed sense of being useful may be given the child betimes, even if she does not cry for the privilege, like the great philanthropist, Mary Carpenter, in her tender youth. After seeing the haymakers at work, she would not be content merely to frolic among them, but sighed for a rake like her elders, and pled earnestly, "I want to be ooseful—I want to be ooseful!"

HOW TO FEED A FAMILY.—I.

Here is a difficult problem which many of us are daily trying to solve, *i.e.*, how to supply good meals to our households without exceeding the expenditure we can afford for this purpose.

These papers will give a series of dinners for six persons, three of whom are children; each dinner shall consist of three courses, and the whole cost of the dinner is not to exceed two shillings, or fourpence a head.

I hope to prove to those who will try to carry out my directions, that it is more economical, as well as far more wholesome, to have three courses (soup, meat, fish or eggs, and pudding) than to follow the usual plan of ordering a joint, eating it each day till finished, and then ordering another. Those who will not give their time and a little extra trouble to make both ends meet, to increase the comforts of home, and the health of their families, are not the kind of mothers I am writing for.

Thrift is, no doubt, necessary; so we will begin with an understanding that nothing is to be wasted, and that I am to tell you exactly what to do with every item.

To start with, you must keep on a stock-pot, for this will provide you with stock for the daily thick soup with which our dinners are to begin. Probably you will stop here and remark, "Ah! but *we* don't care for soups!" Wait a little, and try one or two of my recipes before making up your mind, and if you still do not like soups, after trying them for a week, you can give away your stock to some poorer neighbour.

How to Manage a Stock-Pot.

On Monday morning collect all the bones from the Sunday dinner, chop them in pieces, and put them into a large saucepan, with a teaspoonful of salt and plenty of cold water (which will need to be filled up two or three times a day).

Put your pan on to boil, and add to its contents, in the course of the day, any scraps of dry bread, meat, bones, fat, gristle, cold potato, rice, clean cuttings of such vegetables as onions, celery, carrot, turnip, etc., the water in which bacon or meat has been boiled, odd bits of pastry, suet-pudding, etc.—in fact, any sort of clean, sweet scraps which would otherwise be wasted. (Fish and cabbage are the two exceptions.) Keep your stock-pot on simmering all day, and at night pour the stock through a colander into a basin. Put the bones and scraps on again the next morning, after cleaning your stock-pot. (If the stock be left all night in the pot, the flavour will be spoiled.) Remember that all bones must be boiled at least two days to extract their nourishment, but be careful not to put on a sour bone, or the whole stock will be spoiled.

If there is much fat on your stock, when cold, take it off, and use it for frying.

Our first dinner will consist of green-pease soup, kidney-pudding, and rice-pudding.

Green-Pease Soup.

Materials.—Green-peas, 2 teacupfuls; 2 onions (with green, if possible); stock, 3 pints; corn-flour, 1 tablespoonful; milk, 1 teacupful; pepper and salt to taste; 1 sprig of mint.

How to make it.—Pick over the peas overnight, taking away any that are black, etc. Wash them, and soak them in cold water all night. Put your stock on to boil three hours before dinner-time, with a little salt; when it boils sharply, put in the peas and the onions, peeled and cut into

quarters, adding the green part of the onion, if possible.

Half an hour before dinner, place a colander in a large basin, pour the soup into it, break the peas, etc., well with a wooden spoon, and pulp them through the colander. Mix the cornflour evenly with the milk, add it to the cool soup, with a little pepper and salt, and the sprig of mint, which should have a piece of small string tied to it with a loop. Put the soup into a saucepan, bring it to boiling point, stirring it often; take out the mint, and serve.

The green peas of which this soup is made are dried by some peculiar process, and may be bought at any good grocer's. When soaked they should be as green as fresh peas, and as large as marrow-fats. If you put them into stock which is boiling fast, they burst at once, and cook much better than if they are put into cold stock.

I must warn you that all these soups, when pulped (especially if there is milk in them), are apt to burn, so be careful to stir often when you are finishing the soup, and if you do not wish to serve it directly it boils, take it quite off the fire, stir it for a minute, and then put the cover on until it is wanted. The reason why mint and other flavouring herbs should have a loopedstring tied to them is, that it is very easy to spoil the soup by letting herbs stew too long in it; therefore pull them out with a fork directly the soup is enough flavoured. Corn-flour is much more delicate for thickening soups than wheat-flour, and needs less boiling; wheat-flour should be boiled at least five minutes, stirring all the time, or it will taste raw.

Kidney Pudding.

Materials.—1 lb. kidneys, 3 teacupfuls flour, 1 teacupful chopped suet, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, a little pepper.

How to make it.—Mix a tablespoonful of the flour with the salt and pepper, in a basin. Cut the kidneys in slices, and dip each piece (with a fork) into this. Mix the rest of the flour in a pastry bowl, with the baking-powder, suet, and a pinch of salt; when these dry things are thoroughly mixed, stir in enough lukewarm water to make a stiff paste; grease a pudding basin, roll out your pastry, and line the basin; lay the pieces of kidney in it, sprinkling each layer with chopped parsley; cover it with the pastry, and pinch the edges together, so as to keep in the gravy.

Dip a clean pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it well, and lay it over the pastry; tie it down with string, tie the ends at the top in a secure knot, and yet leaving room for the pudding to swell. Place it in a saucepan of boiling water, which should cover the pudding. Boil for two hours, keeping the water high enough by adding hot water occasionally; take the pudding out with a strong fork, by the cloth, take off the cloth, and serve the pudding in a hot dish.

Rice Pudding.

Materials.—Rice, 1 teacupful; milk, 1 quart; sugar, 1 tablespoonful; butter, a small lump.

How to make it.—Wash the rice well in warm water, rinse it in cold water, mix the sugar thoroughly with a little of the milk, put the rice and sweetened milk into a pie-dish, add the butter in a lump (as large as a walnut), put it into a slow oven, and bake slowly for three hours.

Expenses.

Green-pease Soup.—Green peas, 1½d.; onions and mint, 1d.; milk and cornflour, 1d. Total, 3½d.

Kidney Pudding.—1 lb. kidneys, 8d.; flour, ¾ lb., 1½d.; suet, 2d.; baking-powder, etc., ½d.; parsley, pepper, etc., ½d. Total, 1s. 0½d.

Rice Pudding.—Rice, ¾d.; sugar and butter, ¼d.; skim milk, 2d. Total, 3d.

Totals.—Green-pease soup, 3½d.; kidney pudding, 1s. 0½d.; rice pudding, 3d.; potatoes, 2d.; turnips, 2d.; bread, 1d. Total, 2s.—To dine six persons, average 4d. per head.

I. L. Richmond.

WHITBY ABBEY.

It sometimes seems as if, in the hurry of our modern life, we had no time to think of those, who, in the far-away past, did noble service for God and man, and we are apt to ignore altogether the great influence that women have always had on the religious life of a nation. In this sketch, we should like to remind our readers of a woman who lived many a long year ago—the founder of Whitby Abbey—one "whom all that knew her called Mother."

Hilda was one of the early converts to Christianity in the north of England, and, becoming devoted entirely to a religious life, she was appointed, by Bishop Aidan, head of a religious house at Hartlepool (then called Herutea). After staying there eight years, she founded in 659 a monastery, or what we should call a missionary station, at Whitby. Here Hilda was joined by a number of pious men and women, who consecrated their lives to the service of God and the spread of Christianity among the people. This first Abbey was probably a very simple building, and the little community was maintained by the cultivation of the surrounding land, which had been given them. They do not appear to have been bound by any vows, such as became customary in later times, but they lived together as a Christian family, over which Hilda ruled. The Venerable Bede says, in his history, that both men and women were taught "the strict observance of justice, piety, chastity, and other virtues, and particularly of peace and love, so that, after the example of the primitive church, no person was there rich, and none poor, all things being in common to all, and none having any property."

Whatever they had, they shared freely with the poor around them, and on the occasion of the great festival of the Church, the people used to come there from long distances. There was no quick travelling in those times, and the visitors would perhaps stay for days at the Abbey, and as cattle-stealing was very common, men were obliged to take it in turns to watch the horses and cattle of the visitors.

It was at such a time, and whilst doing this lowly work at night, that our first and great English poet, Cædmon, became conscious, in a dream or vision, that on him had been bestowed the gift of song. When Hilda was told of this the next morning, she sent for Cædmon, and gave him different portions of Scripture to turn into verse. He did this so well that Hilda made him give up all other work and join them at the Abbey, so that he might have the opportunity of turning the Bible stories into attractive verse. She had him taught to read and write and "well-instructed in the whole series of sacred history." The work he did yet remains; for the men and women of all civilized nations still read the story of "The Creation," as it flowed from the lips of Cædmon, in verse that is often as grand as that of Milton.

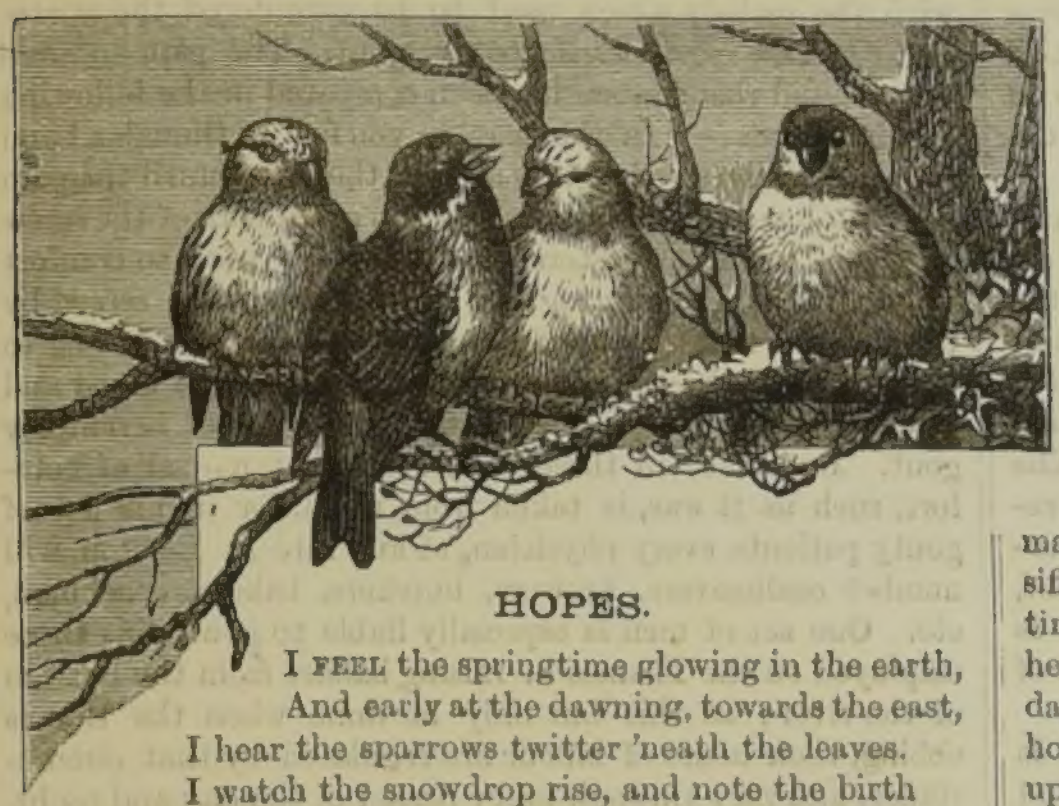
Hilda always "obliged those who were under her to attend so much to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and to exercise themselves so much in works of justice, that many might very easily be there found fit for ecclesiastical duties, that is, to serve at the altar. In short, we afterwards saw five bishops taken out of that monastery, all of them men of singular merit and sanctity."

For six and twenty years did the Abbess Hilda thus devote herself to God's service, and "her prudence was so great that not only persons of the middle rank, but even kings and princes sometimes asked and received her advice." For the last six years of her life she suffered much, but still it is said that she "never failed in any duty, and her last words to her people were that they should preserve the peace of the Gospel among themselves, and with all others." She died in A.D. 680, and "thus," said Bede, "this handmaiden of Christ, Abbess Hilda, whom all that knew her called Mother for her singular piety and grace, was not only an example of good life to those that lived in her monastery, but gave occasion of salvation and amendment to many who lived at a distance, to whom the happy fame was brought of her industry and virtue."

After her death, the people whom she had so lovingly and faithfully served believed that she could never quite leave them, and for years afterwards, her form was said to appear in the sunshine that fell on the ruins of old Whitby Abbey.

The vision and the ruins have both passed away—and we look to-day on the noble ruins of a statelier abbey, that was built on the site of the old home, but the deep religious feeling and the stern sense of duty still remain, as in the days of Hilda, the firm foundation of our national life.

JANE S. CLARKE.



HOPES.

I FEEL the springtime glowing in the earth,
And early at the dawning, towards the east,
I hear the sparrows twitter 'neath the leaves.
I watch the snowdrop rise, and note the birth
Of each wee violet: when winter ceased
I felt the spell that only Nature weaves.

If I have hopes, if I have dreams to dream,
I cannot tell, I hope that once again
My honeysuckle-blooms may crown the porch,
That great white daisy buds once more may gleam
Amid the grasses by the churchyard lane,
That yet once more the rose may raise her torch.

If I have hopes—yet once my hopes were strong
That faith and love were come in might to reign,
And call me helpmate, in a summer world.
I hoped, I prayed to see the death of wrong,
To note fair Science slay the serpent pain;
To count the thunderbolts that Right had hurled.

I held my hands out, heaped with roses red;
I gave my heart's blood, and I worked my best;
I taught the children how to rise, to pray;
And yet too swift my courage now lies dead;
I fainted, fell; then mingling with the rest,
Laughed with the idlers, sauntering on life's way.

So winter came, and slew all summer gave.
"It cannot live again," I weeping cried.
"I will not work; better by far to sing."
I laid fresh flowers on the o'er-full grave,
And turned away. I would forget. I tried
To mock the emptiness of everything.

And yet, the spring! the spring. Hope shall not die.
Better to hope and work, for winter-time
But only comes to gather harvest's store,
And pay the workers, waiting silently
For leave to rest, until the snowdrop's chime
Calls all to hope, to do hope's work once more.

J. E. PANTON.

NOTES ON HEALTH:

HEREDITY.—PART II.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

INSTANCES of hereditary *evil* qualities are, unfortunately, but too easy to find. Take as an instance the family of the Sheridans. For four generations, in despite of more than ordinary talents, the men were ne'er-do-weels, charming, generous, convivial, no man's enemy but their own, but, notwithstanding, reckless, improvident scapegraces. The first member of the family we find mentioned is the Rev. Thomas Sheridan, a friend of Swift, full of talent and animal spirits—a social, punning, fiddling man, "his pen and his fiddlestick in continual motion," but careless, indolent, procrastinating, slovenly, with his stockings always down at heel. His son, who taught elocution, and is the author of a dictionary, is described as a whimsical individual, but is most interesting to us as the father of *the* Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, the author of *The School for Scandal*, to whom he seems to have handed down many of the attributes of the Rev. Thomas in an intensified form. Who, indeed, has not heard of the procrastinating disposition of Sheridan, and of how in one instance he put off writing the final acts of his play *Pizarro* from day to day until the very evening of representation. The house was overflowing, the actors ready, and Sheridan upstairs in the prompter's room, working away for dear life at the fourth and fifth acts which he brought down into the green-room piecemeal as they were required, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.

How he spent money recklessly, and borrowed it as recklessly; how he used to throw his money about the room, and prevent his windows rattling by stuffing the chinks with bank-notes, which he forgot to remove; how he drank until his nose became Bardolphian in size and colour and his health was ruined, it is not necessary to relate. Sufficient to say that his son, Tom Sheridan, inherited all his father's vices and none of his talents, and is described by the writers of the period as a thorough scapegrace, and a "Sheridan all over," the only thing which appears to his credit being that he handed down his mother's beauty to his descendants, as we shall see in our next chapter.

On the heredity of physical attributes little need be said, as we meet with instances every day. One of the prettiest examples is that of the hereditary beauty of the Linley family. One of them married our scapegrace but brilliant Sheridan, and is described not only as one out of a nest of nightingales (musical talent was hereditary in their family), but also as the "beautiful mother of a beautiful race." Leigh Hunt, writing of Sheridan, says, "He married a charmer for beauty and song, and to say nothing of all the collateral branches—all clever and witty—seldom indeed have 'God Almighty's nobility' come in a cluster so dazzling as in the present fair representatives of the direct Linley and Sheridan line, the three graces of Dufferin, Norton, and Seymour." All these three ladies were grand-daughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his first wife, Miss Linley. Mrs. Norton, beyond her grandmother's beauty, possessed also some of her grandfather's literary powers, which she displayed in several poems and novels.

Stature is in many cases hereditary, as is well illustrated by the family of Robert Hale, the Yorkshire giant, who was born in 1820. His father was 6 feet 6 inches in height, his mother 6 feet; their offspring—five daughters and four sons—all attained extraordinary height, the boys averaging 6 feet 5 inches, the girls 6 feet 3 inches; Robert, the giant, was 7 feet 6 inches high.

Some instances are given of the hereditary transmission of peculiar physical conditions. Thus, many years ago, a boy was exhibited before the Royal Medical Society; he was at this time about fourteen years of age, and presented a very

remarkable appearance, his whole body being covered by a thick, horny, scaly integument, which looked and rustled like the bristles or quills of a hedgehog shorn off within an inch of the skin, and which earned for him the name of the porcupine man.

Twenty-six years later he again came before the same Society, still covered by these bristles. He had now six children, all with the same rugged covering as himself, the first appearance of which came on, as it did in himself, about nine weeks after birth. Some years later, two grandsons of the original porcupine man were exhibited in Germany, owing to their inheriting the same form of disease. The relator of this account continues:—"It appears, therefore, past all doubt that a race of people may be propagated by this man, having such rugged coats as himself, and, if the accidental origin should ever be forgotten, it is not improbable they might be deemed a different species of mankind."

Another physical peculiarity hereditary in families is Polydactylism, or the possession of supernumerary fingers and toes. We are told in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," that in one of the parishes in Bas-Augier, in France, all the individuals of several families were, from time immemorial, born with six fingers on each hand, notwithstanding frequent alliances with other families not affected by this peculiarity.

Strangely enough, we meet in the Bible with such an instance. In Samuel it is stated: "And there was a great battle in Gath, where was a man of great stature, that had on every hand six fingers and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number." This Scriptural individual is also an example of heredity in height, as he was the son of a giant, and had three brothers of the same high stature as himself.

Longevity is another hereditary peculiarity, of which we have many well authenticated instances. A well-known literary character, M. Quersonnières, was alive in 1842, aged 114 years, and in perfect enjoyment of all his faculties. He used to say, "My family descends from Methuselah; we must be killed to die; my maternal grandfather was killed by accident at 125 years of age, and I," he added, smiling, "invite you to my burial in the next century."

Lucas mentions Madame de Montgolfier as alive and full of life in Paris at the age of 110, and the mother of living children of more than 80 years.

Colour-blindness, or Daltonism, is also an inherited physical defect. Dalton, the great chemist, who first discovered that there existed such a peculiarity as colour-blindness, suffered from it himself, as well as two of his brothers. In eight families akin to each other, this affection lasted through five generations, and extended to seventy-one persons. None of those seventy-one persons could, for instance, distinguish by their colour the ripe cherries on a tree; only by difference of form could they separate the leaves from the fruit.

It would be wearying to my readers if even a tenth portion of all the examples of inherited physical peculiarities with which literature teems were brought before them, and we will, therefore, consider briefly the heredity of diseases, a most important part of our subject, and one, moreover, which is so thoroughly admitted by all that it scarcely needs to be mentioned; still, a few well authenticated cases may bring the matter more clearly before those who have not considered the subject, and impress it more legibly upon their minds.

Taking first the heredity of physical disease, we will begin with the malady which used to be considered the aristocratic disease *par excellence*, viz., gout. The pain endured in gout and rheumatism has been compared in the following graphic words:—"In rheumatism you feel as though a band of iron were screwed tightly around the joint until the pain could no longer be borne; in gout an extra turn of the screw is given." Our ancestors of blue blood used to comfort themselves, when enduring the extra turn of the screw, by the thought that their sufferings proved them to belong to the world's elect—the upper ten thousand, both of blood and intellect—that no plebeian could ever boast of hereditary gout. But, alas! in these days even that morsel of comfort, such as it was, is taken from them, for in his list of gouty patients every physician, at any rate in London, will number coalheavers, brewers, butchers, bakers, coachmen, etc. One set of men is especially liable to gout, viz., those employed on the Thames in raising ballast from the bottom of the river; as this can only be done when the tide is ebbing, their hours of labour are regulated by that circumstance, and vary through every period of the day and night. They work under great exposure to inclemencies of the weather, and their occupation requires great bodily exertion and entails much exhaustion. Each man drinks from two to three gallons of porter daily, and generally a considerable quantity of spirits besides. No wonder, under these circumstances, that gout is remarkably frequent among them, not only in the form of acute swelling of the joints, but in the deposit of chalk stones, principally in the joints of the fingers. That these deposits really contain chalk is shown by the facility with which any one possessing them can write with his joints upon a blackboard.

One of the best known and most amusing cases of hereditary gout is that of Horace Walpole. I say the most amusing because in his letters we constantly come across some absurd reference to his gout, and what he calls his "bootikins," which he was always strongly recommending and giving away to his friends, and which appear to have been merely composed of a fine bandage applied moist and firmly over the skin, and then covered with a roller of oiled silk—a wet pack, in fact, as we should call it nowadays. Horace Walpole knew so well that gout was hereditary in his family, that from his earliest youth he endeavoured to avert the disease from himself. He lived such an utterly abstemious life that he almost starved himself, and in one of his letters describes himself as such a mere thread paper in substance that he is afraid of going out on his terrace in a high wind lest he should be blown away.

One of the few physical advantages we women have over men is that we are not so hereditarily disposed to gout as they are. Neither do we develop it so frequently as they do, which is probably owing both to the differences in our constitution and to the fact that, as a rule, women live more abstemiously than men, especially as regards the consumption of malt liquors. But on the other hand, if women suffer less frequently from acute gout, which manifests itself by inflammation and swelling of some joint, generally that of the big toe, they probably endure their fair share of suffering from what is called latent gout, which shows itself as indigestion, bronchitis, skin diseases, flushing of the face, and especially of the nose, a sore trial to many women. So that as usual the slight physical advantage women possess over men is reduced to a minimum.

Another disease which is very markedly hereditary is scrofula. The Germans rudely, but with some amount of truth, call it "the English disease," and, indeed, it is but rarely that we physicians meet with any family which does

not exhibit some of the features of this ubiquitous disease.

All physicians are agreed as to the heredity of scrofula not only as to its close connection with consumption and insanity, but also as to the frequency with which it declares itself in children whose parents are cousins. This portion of the subject we will, however, consider further on. In those cases where the parents are not connected, given that one of them is scrofulous, the children will also in all probability be scrofulous; given that both parents suffer from the disease, and the children will almost certainly suffer from it also.

Hard it is upon the children to inherit scrofula, with its swollen glands, its enlarged tonsils, its repulsive skin diseases, but still harder is it when the scrofula of the parent becomes, as it so often does, consumption in the child.

Of the heredity of phthisis, or consumption, no doubt is now entertained by any of the leading medical authorities, and scientific men are now collecting data tending to prove that not only is phthisis hereditary, but that it is actually contagious, the disease being conveyed by propinquity from one person to the other. Thus a wife who nurses her consumptive husband, breathing constantly the vitiated air of his room, has in many instances become herself consumptive, although coming from a family in whom, through many generations, no trace of phthisical lung disease could be discovered. Hence the absolute prohibition which should be placed on a child sleeping in a consumptive mother's room, or of a phthisical child sleeping with any of its brothers or sisters.

On the heredity of cancer, asthma, rheumatism, and other diseases it would be tedious and needless to enter, and we will therefore pass on to the inheritance of moral disease, of which we have but too many examples. From the irritable, nagging, quarrelsome temper which makes many a home wretched, to the violent crime which leads a man to the scaffold—all are found in some families to be hereditary. The House of Brunswick, for instance, to take illustrious examples, is cited for its quarrelsome disposition. According to Lord Granville, "this family always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." As Macaulay observes, Lord Granville should have known something of the matter, for he had been a favourite with three successive generations of the royal house.

The inheritance of a quarrelsome temper is grievous enough, but what shall we say of the inheritance of drunkenness and crime? Of the heredity of alcoholism or drunkenness we have fearful and well authenticated instances. Morel, than whom no living writer has entered more deeply into these investigations, gives amongst other cases that of a Yorkshire gentleman and his wife who were scarcely ever sober; the wife fortunately died young, but not before she had given birth to a large family of children, out of which only one escaped the taint. The eldest son, an inveterate drunkard, committed suicide, and all the others came to an untimely end. The only daughter was on one occasion brought home by the police in a state of intoxication; the shock was so great to the father that he did not survive it.

Another instance is given of a child whose father and grandfather were both habitual drunkards; from the age of five this child manifested the most decided taste for strong liquors. In another case where both a man and his wife died confirmed drunkards, all the children did so likewise. They said, "We can't help it; we inherit a strong love for rum and gin."

Useless to adduce more instances of a fact so well known to all scientific men, and we will only add the words of Morel on the subject. He says: "I have never seen the patient cured of his propensity whose tendencies to drink were derived from the hereditary predisposition given to him by his parents."

Let us now turn to the consideration of mental disease.

The heredity of mental disease, or insanity, is so fully recognised amongst nearly all classes, that it is scarcely necessary to adduce examples. Indeed, we perhaps go rather too far, and are too apt to shake our heads and touch our foreheads significantly when the habits of any acquaintance of ours in whose family insanity is known to exist do not quite tally with our ideas of conventionality. One instance of this I heard some time ago with reference to Mr. Thomson, the well-known writer on political economy, who thirty years ago was considered insane because he was a vegetarian and teetotaler!

Still the proportion of cases of insanity in which hereditary taint is present is a fearfully larger one. Thus Esquirol, one of the great authorities on madness, states as the result of his investigations at Bicêtre, that seventy-seven per cent. of the cases there were hereditary, and Dr. Burrows places the percentage in England at eighty-four. So that out of every hundred insane patients in England eighty-four would have to thank their parents for the disease which confined them in a lunatic asylum.

Lucas mentions several cases of hereditary insanity which had come under his own observation. In one instance there was in his asylum a lunatic the eleventh in his family; in another case a lady who was the eighth member of her family. More curious still, this infirmity often appears at the same period of life in successive generations. All the scions of a noble family at Hamburg, distinguished through four generations for great military talents, went mad at the age of forty. There remained but one member, a soldier like his father, and he was by decree of the Senate forbidden to marry; the critical period came, and he also went mad.

Too well known is the fact of insanity being hereditary to need any further illustrations. What, however, is not so well known is the fact that the various forms of slight and severe mental affection are interchangeable and transformable by way of generation. Thus Maudsley tells us that not insanity only in the parents, but any form of nervous disease in them may predispose to other kinds of nervous diseases in the offspring. Epilepsy in the parent may become insanity in the children, or insanity in the parent, epilepsy in the child. Hysteria, or St. Vitus' dance, in one generation, may become imbecility or mania in the next or third generation. Most women have a fear, a horror of insanity, and yet how repeatedly do we physicians meet with women who tell us, not only without shame, but almost as though they were proud of the fact, that they are of a very hysterical temperament, or that their nerves are very weak, or, worse still, that on such and such a day they had an attack of hysterics. Is it possible that they do not know that each time they yield to such an attack they weaken their nervous system; that if they have children that weakened nervous system will be handed down to their offspring; and do they not care that they are responsible for this to God and man?

Surely the time will come when it will be as great a disgrace to be an hysterical woman as it now is to be an hysterical man! I confess to having personally more sympathy with a drunkard who is a drunkard by heredity than for a woman who passively yields to hysteria without an effort to conquer it; for the former is suffering from the sins of his parents; the latter is deliberately entailing disease upon future generations.

MARY CARPENTER.

MARY CARPENTER.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

"That it may please Thee . . . to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives."

MARY CARPENTER was thirty-eight years old when Mrs. Fry died in 1845. We do not hear, in reading the lives of either, that the two women ever met, or that the elder directly stimulated the activity of the younger. Yet the one most surely prepared the way for the other; their work was upon the same lines, and Miss Carpenter, the Unitarian, of Bristol, was the spiritual heir and successor of Mrs. Fry, the Quaker, of Norwich.

There is, it is true, a contrast in the manner in which the two women approached their work in life. The aim of both was the rescue of what Mary Carpenter called "the perishing and dangerous classes." But while Mrs. Fry was led, through her efforts on behalf of convicts, to establish schools for them and their children, Mary Carpenter's first object was the school for neglected children, and through the knowledge gained there, she was led to form schemes for the reformation of criminals and for a new system of prison discipline. Mrs. Fry worked through convicts to schools; Mary Carpenter through schools to convicts.

Attention was drawn, in a previous number of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION, to Mrs. Fry's work and its results; and it will not therefore be imagined that there is any want of appreciation of it when it is said that Mary Carpenter's labours were more effective, inasmuch as they were directed to the cause of the evil, rather than to its results. By establishing reformatory and industrial schools, and by obtaining, after long years of patient effort, the sanction and support of Parliament for them, she virtually did more than had up to that time ever been done in England to stop the supply of criminals. Children who were on the brink of crime, and those who had actually fallen into criminal courses, were, through her efforts, snatched away from their evil surroundings, and helped to become respectable and industrious men and women. Before her time, magistrates and judges had no choice, when a child criminal stood convicted before them, but to sentence him to prison, whence he would probably come out hopelessly corrupted and condemned for life to the existence of a beast of prey. She says, in one of her letters, dated 1850: "A Bristol magistrate told me that for twenty years he had felt quite unhappy at going on committing these young culprits. And yet he had *done* nothing!" The worse than uselessness of prisons for juvenile offenders was a fact that was burnt into Mary Carpenter's mind and heart by the experience of her life. She was absolutely incapable of recognising the evil and at the same time calmly acquiescing in it. Her magisterial friend is the type of the common run of humanity, who satisfy their consciences by saying, "Very grievous! very wrong!" and who do nothing to remove the grievance and the wrong; she is the type of the knights errant of humanity, who never see a wrong without assailing it, and endeavouring to remove the causes which produce it.

Mary Carpenter was born at Exeter, in 1807, the eldest of five children, several of whom have left their mark on the intellectual and moral history of this century. There was all through her life a great deal of the elder sister—one may almost say, of the mother—in Mary Carpenter. In an early letter, her mother speaks of the wonderfully tranquillising influence of dolls on her little Mary. She never shrank from responsibility, and she had a special capacity for protecting love—a capacity that stood her in good stead in reclaiming the little waifs and strays to whom she afterwards devoted herself. Her motherliness comes out in a hundred ways in the story of her life. Her endless patience with the truant and naughty children was such as many a real mother might envy. She was especially proud of the title of "the old mother" which the Indian women, whom she visited towards the close of her life, gave her. In writing to a friend, she once said: "There is a verse in the prophecies, 'I have given thee children whom thou hast not borne,' and the motherly love of my heart has been given to many who have never known before a mother's love." She adopted a child in 1858 to be a daughter to her, and writes gleefully: "Just think of me with a little girl of *my own!* about five years old, ready-made to my hand, without the trouble of marrying—a darling little thing, an orphan," etc., etc. Her friends spoke of her eager delight in buying the baby's outfit.

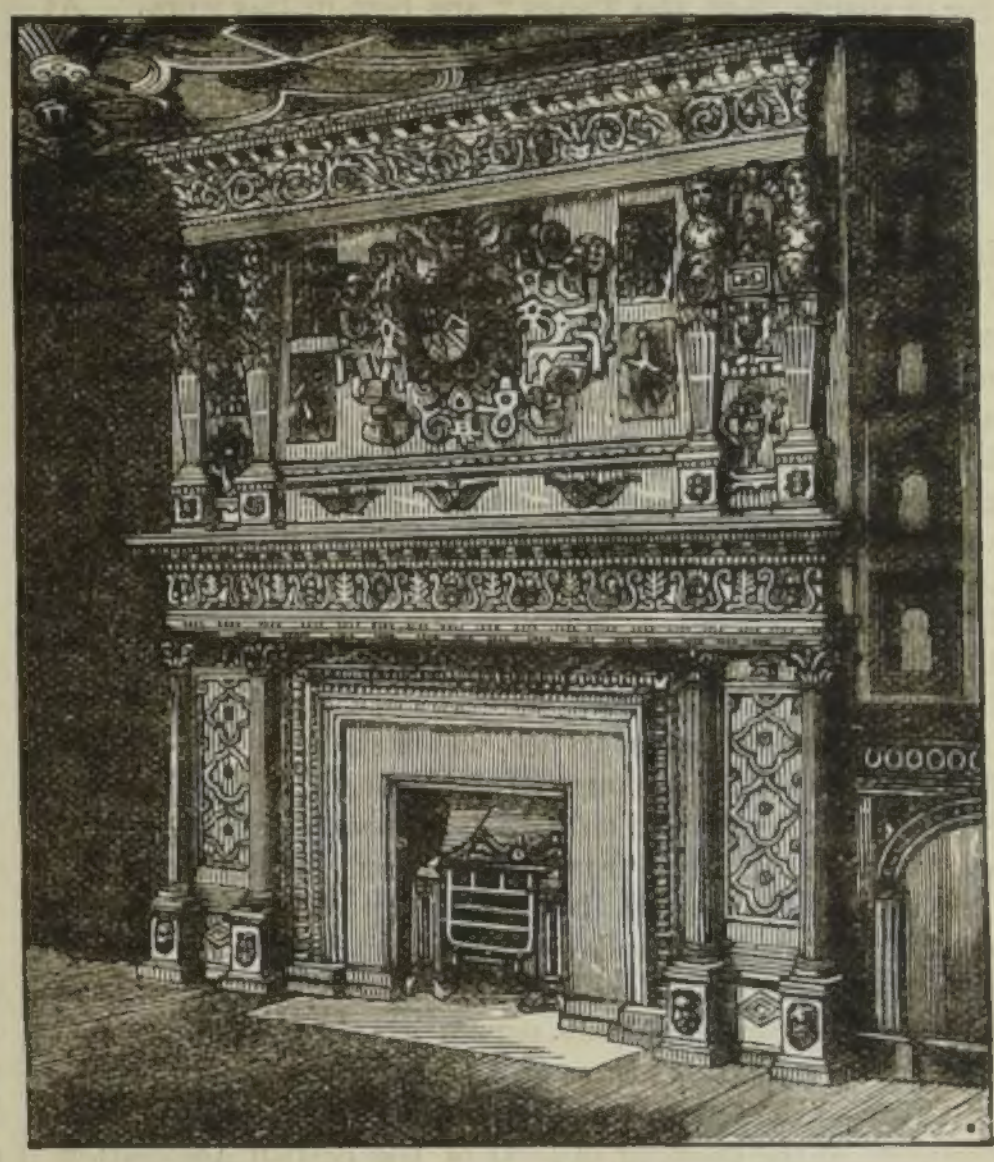
It was her motherliness that made her so successful with the children in the reformatories and industrial schools; moreover, the children believed in her love for them. One little ragged urchin told a clergyman that Miss Carpenter was a lady who gave away all her money for naughty boys, and only kept enough to make herself clean and decent. On one occasion she heard that two of her ex-pupils had "got into trouble," and were in prison at Winchester. She quickly found an opportunity of visiting them, and one of them exclaimed, directly he saw her, "Oh! Miss Carpenter, I knew you would not desert us!"

Another secret of her power, and also of her elasticity of spirit, was her sense of humour. It was like a silver thread running through her laborious life, saving her from dulness and despondency. In one of her reports, which has to record the return of a runaway, she said: "He came back resembling the prodigal in everything except his repentance!"

The motto which she especially made her own was *Dum doceo disco—While I teach, I learn.* Her father had a school for boys in Bristol, and Mary and her sister were educated in it. They were among the best of their father's pupils, one of whom, the Rev. James Martineau, has left a record of the great impression Mary's learning made upon him. She was indeed very proficient in many branches of knowledge. Her education included Latin, Greek, mathematics, and natural history; and the exactness which her father

and the nature of her studies demanded of her, formed a most invaluable training for her after career. For many years the acquisition of knowledge, for its own sake, was the chief joy of her life; but a time came when it ceased to satisfy her. She was rudely awakened from the delightful dreams of a student's life by a severe visitation of cholera at Bristol in 1832. From this period, and indeed from a special day—that set apart as a fast-day in consequence of the cholera—dates a solemn dedication of herself to the service of her fellow-creatures. She wrote in her journal, March 31, 1832, what her resolution was, and concluded: "These things I have written to be a witness against me, if ever I should forget what ought to be the object of all my active exertions in life." These solemn self-dedications are seldom or never spoken of by those who make them. Records of them are found sometimes in journals long after the hand that has written them is cold. But, either written or unwritten, they are probably the rule rather than the exception on the part of those who devote themselves to the good of others. The world has recently learned that this was the case with Lord Shaftesbury. There is a time when the knight errant consciously enrols himself a member of the noble band of warriors against wrong and oppression, and takes upon himself his baptismal vow—manfully to fight against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant to his life's end.

It must be remembered that when Mary Carpenter first began to exert herself for the benefit of neglected children, there were no reformatory or industrial schools, except those which had been established by the voluntary efforts of philanthropists like herself. Aided by a band of fellow-workers, and wise advisers, chief of whom were Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, and his daughters; Dr. Tuckerman, of the U.S.A.; Mr. Russell Scott, of Bath; Mr. Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen; and Lady Byron, Mary Carpenter set to work to establish a voluntary reformatory school at Kingswood, near Bristol. Her principle was that by surrounding children, who would otherwise be criminals, with all the influences of a wholesome home life, there was a better chance than by any other course, of reclaiming these children, and making them into useful members of society. To herd children together in large, unhomelike institutions, was always, in Mary Carpenter's view, undesirable; the effect on character is bad; the more perfectly such places are managed, the more nearly do the children in them become part of a huge machine, and the less are their faculties, as responsible human beings, developed. Over and over again, in books, in addresses, and by the example of the institutions which she managed herself, Mary Carpenter reiterated the lesson that if a child is to be rescued and reformed, he must be placed in a family; and that where it is necessary, for the good of society, to separate children on account of their own viciousness, or that of their parents, from their own homes, the institutions receiving them should be based on the family ideal so far as possible. With this end in view, the children at Kingswood were surrounded by as many home influences as possible. Miss Carpenter at one time thought of living there herself, but this scheme was given up, in deference to her mother's wishes. She was, however, a constant visitor, and a little room, which had once been John Wesley's study, was fitted up as a resting-place for her. On a pane of one of the windows of this room her predecessor had written the words, "God is here." She taught the children herself, and provided them with rabbits, fowls, and pigs, the care of which she felt would exercise a



DINING ROOM IN THE RED LODGE.

humanising influence upon them. The whole discipline of the place was directed by her; one of her chief difficulties was to get a staff of assistants with sufficient faith in her methods to give them an honest trial. She did not believe in a physical force morality. "We must not attempt," she wrote, "to *break* the will, but to train it to govern itself wisely; and it must be our great aim to call out the good, which exists even in the most degraded, and make it conquer the bad." After a year's work at Kingswood in this spirit, she writes very hopefully of the improvement already visible in the sixteen boys and thirteen girls in her charge. The boys could be trusted to go in to Bristol on messages, and even "thievish girls" could be sent out to shops with money, which they never thought of appropriating.

But although the success of the institution was so gratifying, it had no legal sanction; it had consequently no power to deal with runaways, and the great mass of juvenile delinquents were still sentenced to prisons, from which they emerged, like the man into whom seven devils entered, in a state far worse than their first. Mary Carpenter's work was not only to prove the success of her methods of dealing with young criminals, but, secondly, to convince the Government that the established system was a bad one, and thirdly, and most difficult of all, to get them to legislate on the subject. A long history of her efforts to obtain satisfactory legislation for children of the perishing and dangerous classes is given in her life, written by her nephew, Mr. J. Estlin Carpenter. It is enough here to say that in the House of Lords, Lord Shaftesbury, and in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Adderley (afterwards Lord Iddesleigh and Lord Norton), were her chief supporters. Mr. Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke) was her chief opposer. Liberal as she was, born and bred, as

well as by heart's conviction, she confessed with some feeling of shame, that the Tories "are best in *this* work." At last, in 1854, her efforts were crowned with success, and the Royal Assent was given to the Youthful Offenders Bill, which authorised the establishment of reformatory schools, under the sanction of the Home Secretary.

It is a striking proof of the change that has taken place in the sphere and social status of women, that Mary Carpenter, in the first half of her active life, suffered what can be called nothing less than anguish, from any effort which demanded from herself the least departure from absolute privacy. When she began her work of convincing the public and Parliament of the principles which ought to govern the education of juvenile criminals, her nephew writes that to have spoken at a conference in the presence of gentlemen, she would have felt, at that time (1851) as tantamount to unsexing herself. When she was called upon to give evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1852, her profound personal timidity made the occasion a painful ordeal to her, which she was only enabled to support by the consciousness of the needs of the children. Surely this excessive timidity arises from morbid self-consciousness, rather than from true womanly modesty. Mary Carpenter was enabled, by increasing absorption in her work, to throw it off, and for her work's sake she became able to speak in public with ease and self-possession. She frequently spoke and read papers at the Social Science Congresses, and at meetings of the British Association. A letter from her brother Philip describes one of these occasions, at the meeting in 1860 of the British Association at Oxford, when her subject was, "Educational Help from the Government Grant to the Destitute and Neglected Children of Great Britain."

"July —, 1860.

"There was a great gathering of celebrities to hear her. It was in one of the ancient schools or lecture-halls, which was crowded, evidently not by the curious, but by those who really wanted to know what she had to say. She stood up and read in her usual clear voice and expressive enunciation. . . . It was, I suppose, the first time a woman's voice had read a lecture there before dignitaries of learning and the Church; but as there was not the slightest affectation on the one hand, so on the other hand there was neither a scorn nor an etiquettish politeness; but they all listened to her as they would have listened to Dr. Rae about Franklin, only with the additional feeling (expressed by the President, Mr. Nassau Senior,) that it was a matter of heart and duty, as well as head."

As years passed by, her work and responsibilities rapidly increased. It is astonishing to read of the number of institutions, from ragged-schools upwards, of which she was practically the head and chief. Her thoroughly practical and business-like methods of work, as well as her obvious self-devotion and earnestness, ensured to her a large share of public confidence and esteem, and although she was a Unitarian, sectarian prejudices did not often thwart her usefulness. Two instances to the contrary must, however, be given. In 1856 the Somersetshire magistrates at the Quarter Sessions at Wells, refused to sanction the Girls' Reformatory, established by Miss Carpenter at the Red Lodge, Bristol, on account of the religious opinions of its foundress. They appeared to have forgotten that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." A more deeply and truly religious spirit than Mary Carpenter's never existed; but that is the last thing that sectarian rancour takes heed of. The other little bit of persecution she met with, was regarded by herself and her friends as something between a compliment and a joke. In 1864 she wrote a book entitled "Our Convicts." The work was received with commendation by jurists in France, Germany, and the United States, but the crowning honour of all was that the Pope placed her and her books on the "Index Expurgatorius." After this she felt that if she had lived in earlier times she might have aspired to the crown of martyrdom.

The extraordinary energy and vitality of Mary Carpenter never declined. When she was over sixty years of age she made four successive visits to India, with the double object of arousing public opinion there about the education of women, and the condition of convicts, especially of female convicts. At the age of sixty-six she visited America. She had long been deeply interested in the social and political condition of the United States, and had many warm personal friends there. Her first impulse to reformatory work had come from an American citizen, Dr. Tuckerman; her sympathy and help had been abundantly bestowed upon the Abolitionist party, and she was of course deeply thankful when the Civil War in America ended as it did in the victory of the North, and in the complete abolition of negro slavery in the United States. Her mind remained vigorous and susceptible to new impressions and new enthusiasms to the last. Every movement for elevating the position of women had her encouragement. She frequently showed her approval of the movement for women's suffrage by signing petitions in its favour, and was convinced that legislation affecting both sexes would never be what it ought to be until women as well as men had the power of voting for Members of Parliament. The infamous Contagious Diseases Acts had no more strenuous opponent than herself. She called them in righteous wrath "a gigantic insult to the female sex." In 1877, within a month of her death, she signed the memorial to the Senate of the London University in favour of the admission of women to medical degrees.

She passed away peacefully in her sleep, without previous illness or decline of mental powers, in June 1877, leaving an honoured name, and a network of institutions for the reform of young criminals, and the prevention of crime, of which our country will for many years to come reap the benefits.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER."

(Matthew ix. 2.)

"BE of good cheer!" There is a bright ring of hope in these words, for they imply that there is a cause for cheer, and that there is a remedy for grief and despondency. If any of our friends or acquaintances were to greet us with such an expression, we should feel quite sure that they were going to impart good news. We should never doubt that they had come to tell us something that would make us glad. What a mockery it would be to say to one who was in deep distress,

or burdened with harassing cares, "Be of good cheer," if it could neither be shown how the sorrow was to be assuaged nor the burden uplifted!

Now try and picture to yourself what it must have been to hear these reassuring words from the lips of the Son of God. A poor man was brought to Him to be cured of a painful malady which rendered him absolutely helpless, and the first sound he heard of that wonderful voice was addressed in tones of tender encouragement to himself: "Son, be of good cheer." Every one in that crowded room* looked eagerly to see what would follow, for well they knew that the Lord would never have spoken thus if He had not intended to heal the sufferer. But His next words came as a complete surprise, and caused them something of a shock—"Thy sins be forgiven thee."

Sins? He had come to be cured of *palsy*, and Christ here speaks of *sins*—sins *forgiven*, certainly; but was it for *this* the sick man had come? Was *this* the blessing for which he craved? Was *this* the good news for which he was hungering? Most assuredly it was. The Lord Jesus Christ, "to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid," would not, we may be very sure, have first healed the soul, if He had not seen that the helpless man before Him was wearying more to be free of the burden of sin than he was to be relieved of his bodily ailment. So the compassionate Saviour did not keep him a moment in suspense. He gave him the greater blessing first, and because "His compassions fail not," and because "He delighteth in mercy," He graciously bestowed the lesser blessing also.

Here we have the "good cheer" of *pardon*. Do *we* know anything of it ourselves? Do we *care* to know about it? Are we longing, yearning to have the "good news" brought home to our own hearts? Or do we think it of so little present importance that we would rather have temporal and worldly gifts first, and spiritual blessings afterwards, when we have time to give our minds to the subject?

No one who could at all realise the blessedness of having their iniquity forgiven and their sin covered—that is, hidden away out of sight, blotted out—could hesitate a moment in their choice. Perhaps some of you who read this paper may be very heavily weighted with distressing cares. It may be you are grieving over the loss of one dearer to you than life; or poverty may have come upon you, and your heart sickens at the fear that you may never be able to make both ends meet; or grave anxiety and doubt about a child who is beginning to walk in crooked paths may give you many a sleepless night of sorrow; or your own health may be giving way, and you are dreading to think what will become of husband and children if you should be quite laid aside. Whatever your special burden is, you find it inexpressibly heavy, and you are perhaps tempted to think that, of the two, you would rather prefer freedom from *it* than from the burden of sin.

But consider, dear mothers, where this great gift of forgiveness of sins places you! As *pardoned* sinners you at once enter the household of God, you become His children, His daughters. Having washed your robes in the blood of the Lamb, you have a *right* to the Tree of Life (Revelation xxii. 14, Revised Version), and you take your stand at once amongst those to whom "all things work together for good" (Romans viii. 28), yes, even your heavy trials and afflictions! Being therefore "accepted in the Beloved" (Ephesians i. 6), it is as certain that heaven is your future home as that day follows night! And death loses all its terrors when once you realise that it is but the gate through which you pass to everlasting joy and gladness.

Would not such a bright prospect brace you up as nothing else could do to bear with courage and resignation those wearing difficulties and disappointments which would otherwise appear to you almost unendurable?

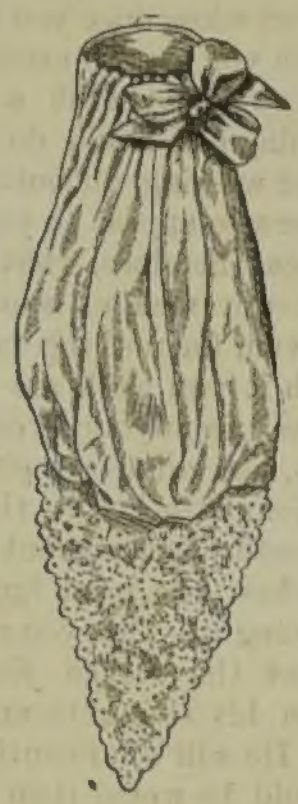
See, therefore, what a *great* gift, what an important gift is forgiveness of sins. Without it you can never reach heaven, for nothing unclean or defiled can enter there; but with it you shall see God, "and God shall wipe away all tears" from your eyes (Revelation vii. 17). And this great gift, like *all* God's gifts, is *free*. There are, however, *conditions* attached to the offer of pardon; but they are such as need never prevent either the youngest, the poorest, the weakest, the most ignorant, or the most wicked, from obtaining it. Can you remember what these conditions are? "Let the wicked *forsake* his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord . . . for He will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah lv. 7). You see it would be worse than useless to ask God to forgive us our evil deeds, if we, in our hearts, have no intention of forsaking them. It would be but a mockery to pray for pardon of unholy or polluting thoughts if we continue wilfully to indulge in them. This is what the Apostle James means when he says, in his epistle (chapter iv., verse 3), "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss that ye may consume it upon your lusts," or "pleasures," as it is in the margin.

Suppose your child had done something very wrong, for which it knew it was to be punished, and suppose, to escape punishment it begged for forgiveness, *would* you pardon if you had previously heard that child say, "I shall ask to be forgiven for my fault, but I will do it again the first opportunity"? You know you would not. Neither can our heavenly Father forgive us, if He sees that our prayer is only prompted by *fear of the consequences*, and not by real sorrow for sin. But to the earnest cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," the gracious answer will ever be, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." Have you ever remarked, in Nehemiah ix. 17 (margin), that our heavenly Father is there called "a God of pardons"? The whole Bible is full of encouraging assurances that He is far more ready to *hear* and to *give*, than we are to *pray* and to *receive*.

And now I should like you to turn to St. John xvi. 33, and see how on another occasion the Lord Jesus used these same words, "Be of good cheer," but for another reason. It was His last night with His disciples before His crucifixion, and He had been having a long talk with them. With loving, tender words, He had told them His last wishes, had given them His last commands, tried to prepare them for the awful mystery and sorrow of His death, and for the glorious hope of His resurrection. He tried to prepare them also for the fact that their own earthly pilgrimage would be over very rough and thorny ground. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," He said. He never for a moment let them think it was an easy thing to be His disciple (Luke xiv. 27); He always showed that for them, as well as for Himself, the Cross must come before the Crown. And now, after telling them about the tribulation, He adds, "But be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Here we have the "good cheer" of *power*. But why was this good news to them? Look in the next chapter and you will see (St. John xvii. 2). The power given Him was, that He should give eternal life to all who believe in Him. Is not this good news to all? H. M.

* See Mark ii. 4.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.



FEBRUARY is not a month when many women want new gowns, for the good best winter ones have scarcely had the bloom taken off them, if carefully worn. It is a capital plan always to keep an indoor dress, one that is never worn out of doors, so that it is always dry and clean. It may easily be concocted out of an old velveteen and an old cashmere, or a couple of the latter, and should always be kept fresh, with clean collars and cuffs, or frills, and brightened, if desired, by a pretty bow. If the nice new dress is taken off on coming indoors, hung up to dry if necessary, and the other one put on, the new dress will retain its beauty as long again. This is a doctrine that cannot be too frequently impressed on those who wish to make the best of their money.

"February fill-ditch," as it is often called, is preëminently a month of heavy rain, snow, and sleet, and muddy roads and streets, and it is often necessary to lay the winter mantle aside, and substitute for it a wrap cloak. It need not be dowdy or ugly, and it ought to be warm, especially about the neck and arms, for it is most difficult to carry a muff as well as an umbrella, and therefore, the cloak ought to be so shaped that at least one hand at a time can be kept warm. Dark brown or black fur trimming is very cheap just now, or curly Astrachan cloth, cut into strips and laid on round the neck and cape and down the front, is a neat, warm, and economical trimming. Four yards of double width cloth is quite sufficient for such a cloak, and for a small woman three yards and a half would do. There are box-pleats at the back, and the easiest way of making it is to do the seams, arrange the pleats, stitch in the front part of the sleeves, and then try it on. The cape-part is nearly sure to require a little adjusting, and this method of setting about the work saves doing any of it twice over, to say nothing of the annoyance and waste of time caused by unpicking. A cloak of this kind should never be too long, but both cloak and petticoats should just clear the ankles. It is a capital plan to line the inside edge of both cloak and petticoat with a strip of American cloth, about four inches wide. The dress does not so much need it, as the heels go against the petticoat first in walking. You may dry a draggled garment for hours, and brush it to the great detriment of the fabric, but the American cloth only requires wiping, first with a damp, and then with a dry towel or duster, and all mud is removed. Cloaks made with a fur trimming down the front do not require buttons and buttonholes, but hooks and eyes. The former must be fairly large, and slightly bent downwards, and they must be sewn in alternately, so as not to have all the hooks or all the eyes on the same side. This is the secret of keeping them fastened.

Mothers of little girls and boys, who were able to take advantage of the January sales, will probably have purchased a good many useful remnants, which this year were sold at a remarkably cheap rate. There is no pleasanter work for skilful fingers than making them up, and it is very easy to combine short lengths by using one as foundation, and the other as sash, and as the sash comes just where a good deal of the dirt falls a frock will often bear two sashes before it is worn out.

The great thing in children's frocks is simplicity; it is a mistake to copy the dresses of their elders in miniature for the small people. Serge or homespun is the best kind of material for winter, and cashmere makes very nice best frocks, which are useful all the year round. Our sketch shows one which is suitable for a little girl from four to eight years old. An old Princess frock, cut short just below the hips, will serve as a model by which to cut out the lining which, for a winter's frock, should be pretty strong and thick. An unbleached calico makes a serviceable one, though it is against the ordinary canons of dressmaking. This should be tacked together, fairly, but not too tightly fitted, and the material adjusted on it, with a double fold or box-pleat coming from the shoulder on each side of the plain centre to within two or three inches of the bottom of the lining, which should be hemmed or turned up and tacked all the way round. The length of the skirt must be determined by the child's height, and three widths of ordinary, or two of a wide stuff is generally ample. They must be quite straight, and run neatly together, after which a hem must be made at the bottom, and, if possible, two or three tucks, which add to the warmth. If there is not enough to allow for tucks, the skirts should be lined, and a row or two of braid will assist in making it hang well.

Now for the sash, which may be of the same stuff, or of a contrasting colour, or a fancy material. Tack it in longitudinal folds, press them with an iron, fasten a small box-pleated piece or catch of the same material as skirt and bodice on the left hand side, thoroughly covering the vacant space of lining between skirt and upper part, and pass the sash through it, securing with two or three strong stitches. Make up one or two bows and ends of the scarf, as length will allow, and fasten it behind with a hook and eye. A great many changes may be rung on this style of frock, but it will always look childlike and becoming.

The fichu we give on this page is made of a corner of fancy embroidery, with a small piece of Madras muslin set into it rather full, a ribbon run in and drawn up to the size of the neck, and a bow on the left side.

THE time is short; the more the reason, then,
For filling it as full as it can hold
With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truth,
And joys of love and labour manifold.

Then should it chance, as we would fain believe,
Life's glory waits us in some other sphere,
Its first, great joy shall be we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

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